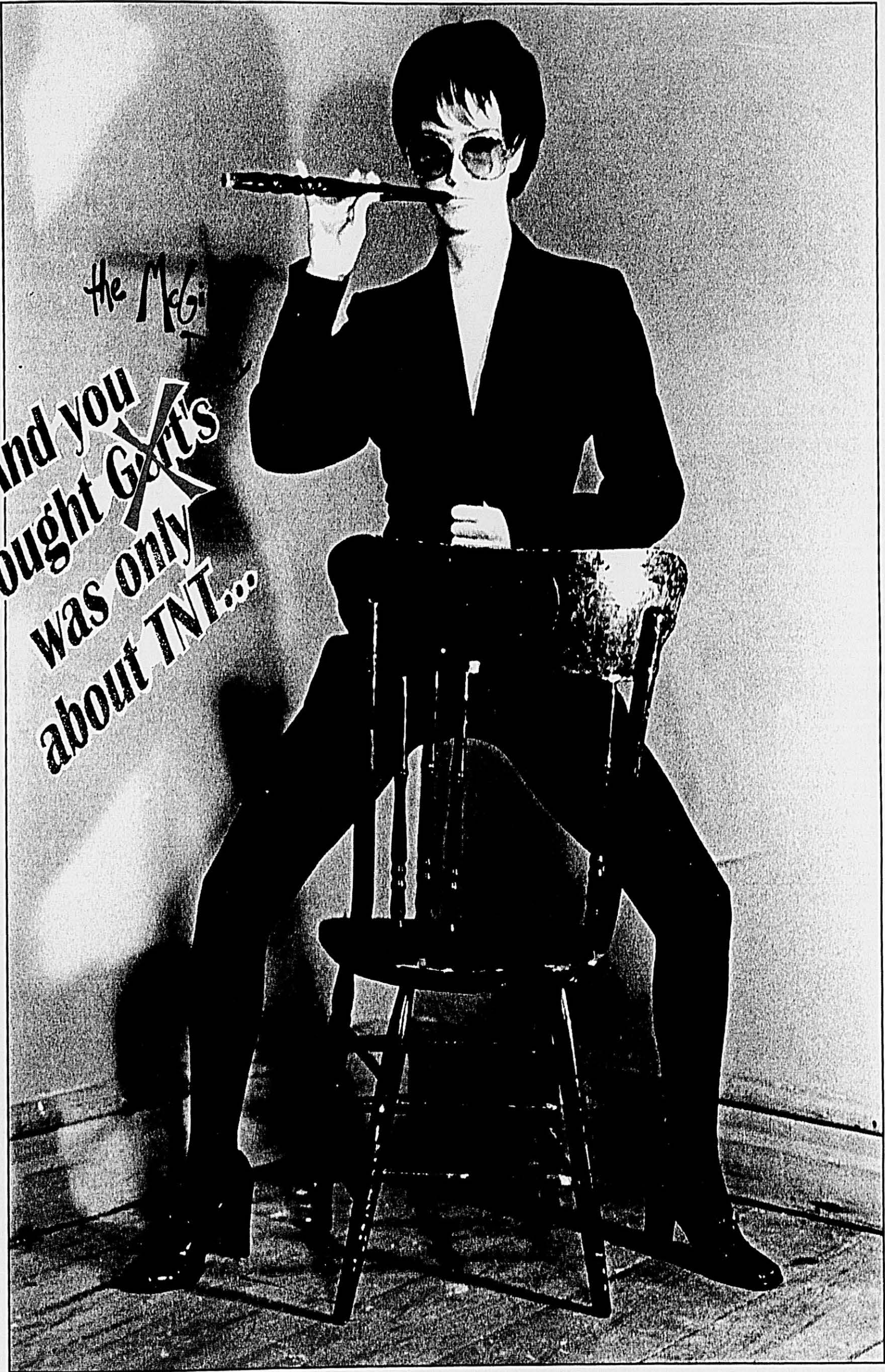


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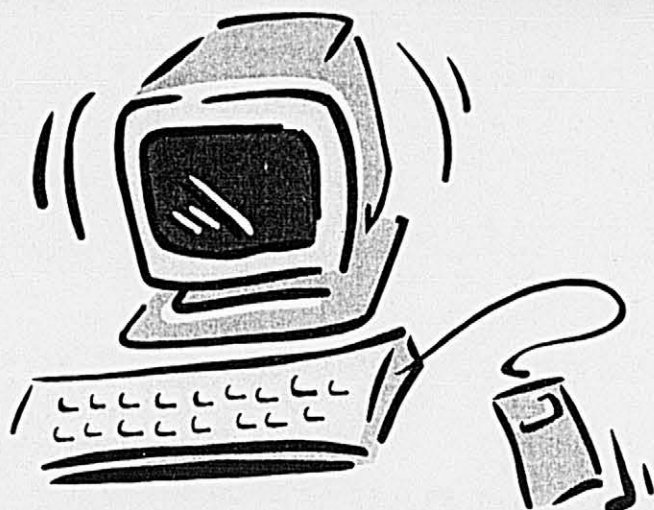
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I saw Jerry Springer's Nipple

RINGING THE BELL ON CLASS DISCRIMINATION IN TALK SHOW MADNESS

by Amy Papaelias

COMMENT

I like free stuff. I like movies. I even like television. Some times. When given some free passes to the premiere of Jerry Springer's new movie entitled "Ring Master," I jumped at the chance to experience this event. I thought of it as a cultural anthropological study, where I could laugh not only at what would be presented to me on screen, but at who such an event would even attract.

What I found out soon after entering the theatre was that I was not alone. Filing into the theatre like cattle, I anticipated the same coached whooping from this audience as the actual audience in the Jerry Springer television studio. Instead, I was greeted with a mirror image of myself in the faces of the two hundred jaded and (mostly) young people who

showed up. Somehow, watching a movie about a very sick television show depicted in a fictional story line made the whole thing that much sicker.

Here's the scoop: with the allure of a free trip to Los Angeles, 2 women decide to tell their stories to Jerry. Connie, who lives in a trailer park in Florida, calls up the show because her daughter is sleeping with her new husband and Starletta, a woman from Detroit, reports that her boyfriend is a dog who sleeps with all of

her friends. Their lives are followed as they prepare to go to LA and appear as guests on the show.

What this movie said to me was this: YOU ARE NOT ONE OF THEM. You do not live in a trailer park, you do not run a hot dog stand, you do not wear or comb hair extensions, you do not sleep with your relatives, you are not a dog, a whore, a 15-year-old mother, you are not trash. You wear nice clothes, you speak properly, you live in a house, you have a family, you have morals, ethics, an education, and a brain.

Jerry Springer confirms our own twisted definition of normality. We are normal because we are not on television telling the whole world our innermost secrets (Normal people keep that stuff to themselves). By attracting the same apathetic audience who has the time to waste an hour of their lives watching the television

show each day, this movie widens the gap between Us, the audience, and Them, the guests. What this all comes down to is our inherent acceptance of class discrimination.

White trash is funny, right? We think it's funny because of shows like Jerry Springer. Lower economic and social classes are easy targets because they are accessible. They are presented to us as ignorant, loud, stupid, ugly, nasty and any other derogatory adjective you can think of. Jerry Springer takes people and makes a spectacle out of them by exploiting their powerlessness. And at the same time he disassociates the audience from such a community. The audience is therefore able to rationalize the humour in the guests' lives, as if they were performers.

Class discrimination has become a very accepted form of comedy and entertainment in

North America. Cartoons like *Beavis and Butthead* and sketch comedies such as *Saturday Night Live* constantly make reference to poor or lower middle class communities. Comedian Jeff Foxworthy's book "You know You're A Redneck When..." had its 15 minutes of fame by exploiting his own background. I could go on and on.

Ringmaster says a lot more about our society than it initially tries to. Our fascination with talk shows like Jerry Springer manifests itself in a desire to relinquish our own normality. But in doing so, I realized how twisted my own personal opinions about class discrimination really were. I've been walking around for the past couple of days feeling sticky and dirty with a bad taste in my mouth. I'd ask for my money and my ignorance back, but I guess that's what happens when you get in the ring for free.

The Daily welcomes any and all comment, criticism, and letters to the editor. Please drop off at our office in B-03 Shatner, or email us at daily@generation.net, or fax us at 398-8318. Letters should be no more than 300 words.

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Table of Contents

	the grand tour	4
6	rhythm & dance	
	flicks from the swamp	7
8	black writers	
	elegies	10
11	gert's sinks to new depths & life is beautiful	
	buy nothing & chicago now	12
13	creative space	
	events	14

Grand Tour Re-visited

EUROPE AND THE NEW TRAVELLERS

by Alex Halperin

The Three Ducks is a hostel in Paris' 15th Arrondissement, a quiet residential neighbourhood a few Metro stops from the cosmopolitan bustle and legions of tourists that crowd the city centre. In the height of the tourist season, The Three Ducks fills to capacity every night, forcing weary travellers to find other accommodations. When the guests arrive, almost always carrying oversized travelling backpacks, a pretty American girl fortunate enough to have a summer job in the city of lights, greets them in English. Past the check-in counter, there is a pleasant and noisy courtyard where perhaps twenty people aged between 18 and 25 sit around drinking wine and beer, eating pasta, smoking American cigarettes, boasting of their adventures and discussing upcoming destinations.

Their dress is practical and conspicuous: T-shirts, khaki shorts with large pockets, jeans, sneakers, and college sweatshirts. Many of them sit with their backpacks, hulking masses of canvas and nylon covered in straps and add-ons, pans or canisters hanging from the sides. One has a teddy bear. All the Canadian tourists have vis-nadian on their backpacks. "So people don't think we're American," asserts a recent University of Toronto graduate.

Aside from the flags, I noticed no real difference between the Canadians and the Americans. Many of each nationality were respectful, considerate visitors and many were belligerent and pushy — just like they are at home.

On a beautiful evening in mid

May, spirits are high: fuelled by the thrill of being far from home, and the reasonable price of alcohol in France. Peeking in at the gathering, one might think this was a pleasant café on an American university campus. At one table two girls — each about twenty — compare the requirements for psychology majors at the Universities of Rhode Island and Delaware. Perhaps most shocking of all is the complaining. At another table, a girl bemoans missing the final episode of *Seinfeld*. Two boys, in University of Michigan caps and proudly overgrown goatees, commiserate. The kids whine about things like the price of good orange juice and how gross the food is. It is as if they want this comfortable New World haven to blanket Paris.

Many of the people who are not complaining are swapping tales and adventures. They discuss Bavarian beer gardens, the nightlife in Barcelona, museums in Florence, the Swiss Alps and Amsterdam's infamy. They trade tips: the cheapest beer in Prague, a hip hostel in Dublin, how to avoid the line at The Louvre. They talk about "doing" museums and sights as if they were homework, mandatory stops before they can start drinking again. Everyone seems well travelled. In terms of sheer miles, most of them are. They are the travellers on the new Grand Tour, a whistle stop race through the great European cities.

The Old and the New

The phrase The Grand Tour originated in the eighteenth century. It referred to the travels taken by wealthy Englishmen after they graduated from university and before they had to go about the tedious business of adult life. It often lasted a year or more and the most common destinations

included Paris and Italy. Once they returned, their curiosity satiated, their wild oats sown (pre-

sumably), they were considered well or respectably travelled. Upon their return, they could marry and claim their inevitable place in the British aristocracy.

Now with travel so easy the British grand tour is no longer practical or necessary. London to Paris by train takes three hours and costs less than \$150, by plane it can cost even less. There are reasonably priced inter-European flights to and from all major cities. With the introduction of the single European currency in 2000, the current trend of increasing inter-European mobility will only escalate.

The purpose of the new grand tour is very similar to its predecessor: to attract a great deal of tourism during the transitional and convenient college years. While the original Grand Tour was a ritualized British experience, the new tour is a new-world one. Hostels and special touring packages keep the tourists a safe distance from the natives. Language barriers ensure that the people stick with their own kind. And the most frequent destinations are so overrun with tourists that the locals' interest in foreigners doesn't extend beyond their money. Garish tourists are no longer a curiosity, they are a financial resource.

Another mark of the new traveller is their Eurail pass. For less than the price of a round-trip ticket from Toronto to London, one can buy a Eurail pass for fifteen days of unlimited travel in fourteen countries over a two month period. This is conducive to moving around quickly. And while it is a handy tool, it can easily be abused. What makes European travel unique is the many vastly different cultures situated in a relatively compact space and the convenience of travelling between them. In less than a day, it is possible to travel from the faded beach front grandeur of Nice to the recklessly abused and ancient grandeur of Rome or from the wild club scene in London to the wild club scene in Berlin. Such travel is a miracle, another step in the shrinking of the world, but as travelling becomes less burdensome it can lose the allure it once had.

The Tourism Blitz

Tourism is homogenizing Europe. The same trendy shops are

on Grafton Street in Dublin and the Champs-Élysées. McDonald's litters the landscape. As travel becomes more accessible both logistically and financially, there is a wider scope of North Americans able to visit Europe and not all of them are interested in changing their lifestyle to that of their host country. This opposes the traditional mentality of assimilation into the unfamiliar which was required when travelling was not as convenient as it is now. "Why not travel?" is taking over. The great cities of Europe are bowdlerizing themselves in search of tourist dollars. What is evolving in the desperate quest for money is an urban landscape where all that varies from destination to destination are the specific sights.

In response many countries have movements calling for revival of the indigenous cultures. This summer there were minor riots in Prague, with bricks heaved

restaurant with the menu in only one language or a market where the inhabitants actually shop. But as places become more and more visited this becomes increasingly difficult. And of course when the option is to either see something surrounded by teeming, inconsiderate masses or not see it at all... the answer is obvious.

Recently, *The Steps* published an article by a Eurailer who visited nine countries in two months. When this is done it is impossible to gather any true sense of the country or its people beyond fleeting glimpses of its most famous sights and museums. It is essentially visiting a place for the memory and not the moment. In a Paris bar I met a Duke student about to take off on a whirlwind two-week tour of five countries. His stops included Amsterdam, Berlin, and Prague where he planned to spend one night. He said "I just want to be able to say 'Hey look there's Prague!'" The



through the windows of the local Taco Bell. Both a justified prejudice against the North American culture boldly steamrolling across the world and an unjustified one against North Americans is rampant.

Ironically many travellers' greatest complaint with their two month Eurail trip was that everywhere they went was too much like home. No one has more disdain for the tourists than the tourists themselves. A sight loses much of its mystique when one is surrounded by hundreds of other tourists and hawkers selling chintzy paraphernalia and snack food. Everyone wants to be the one to discover some pocket of authenticity in the clogged cities: a

sight most indicative of this behaviour is Jim Morrison's grave in Paris. Located in Père Lachaise, one of the most beautiful cemeteries in the world, it is a thoroughly unimpressive marker and a guard stands nearby to prevent any potential debauchery in memory of Jim. Nevertheless it receives far more visitors than the nearby and more notable graves of Chopin and Oscar Wilde. Visiting Jim Morrison's grave is a completely empty experience, but apparently telling about it is not.

Sticking to The Tourist Side of Town

There is no "right" way to travel. Certainly many college stu-



dents have severe time and financial restraints which prevent them from dallying in every city or countryside which appeals to them, especially when other churches and tombs and vistas and drinks and paintings await them. But there is greater value in staying in one place for a few weeks and learning about its day-to-day life than spending so many nights on trains.

The compulsion to see all of Europe (or anyplace) is absurd. One weary traveller about to return to Illinois after two months abroad could barely remember half the places he had been. When I asked him about some of his destinations he rated them on their youth hostels. He loved Munich and hated Milan.

The tourism industry is aware of the new type of

travelling and many establishments now cater to Eurailers. Balmer's, a private hostel in the picturesque Swiss town of Interlochen, caters to a primarily new-world clientele interested in the very Swiss pastimes of extreme sports. There visitors can bungee jump, skydive, hang-glide, cliffjump or perform a number of other activities that one could see on ESPN 2. Afterwards, the guests return to an atmosphere that one disgusted former visitor called a "frat house." This much resembles the original Grand Tour where Englishmen in all their ports of call caroused primarily with other Englishmen out to see the world.

The world's largest youth hostel, The Pink Palace on the Greek Island of Corfu, further ostracizes its guests from the country they are ostensibly vis-

iting. Upon arrival by ferry (included in the Eurail pass) those staying at the Pink Palace are picked up at the boat and driven to the sprawling complex, avoiding any interaction with the inhabitants of the island. The guests' meals are included in their fee and are taken on hostel property. It is a completely self-contained and detached atmosphere, its only true connection to Greece being the free Oozo - a strong licorice-flavoured liquor - given to the guests. This is one of their main selling points in addition to tennis courts and a jacuzzi that can hold two hundred. The Pink Palace encourages American and Canadian guests to visit by providing a free

sive airfare.

Queen of the Money Pot

Of all the places which cater to the new tourists, perhaps Amsterdam does the best job. Considered Europe's most radical city in the 1960s, this feeling has disappeared. But by our standards the laws are still quite lenient. The city itself is beautiful. Healthy blonde men and women ride around on bicycles with sickeningly good posture. Quaint canals, crossed by pristine footbridges wind through the concen-

in New York City. It is bourgeois Scandinavian hell: as boring, pretty and serene as heaven itself.

However, the main attraction for the new Grand Tour is the red-light district, a tiny neighbourhood near the train station completely detached from the city itself. This quarter makes Amsterdam an essential stop on the new Grand Tour. Immortalized in a short scene at the beginning of *Pulp Fiction*, it is an area of hash bars, head shops and brothels. It feels truly lawless and, like Pleasure Island in

city and its sleazy money pot. As a bartender told me, "sure there are other places you could go, but they're boring."

Besides the Bragging Rights

The desire to travel, like the desire to read, is a noble and self-serving ambition. Visiting London, Paris, and Rome for three days each is like giving a cursory reading to the cliff notes of *Hamlet*, *Les Fleurs du Mal*, and *La Commedia*. The sole thing to be gained from this new European tour is the constant eye-candy of

the never-ending series of monuments and sights which draw millions of tourists. And bragging rights, doing something for no reason other than being able to say you did it, are also granted. What travelling in constant motion cannot offer is the sense of Europe as a home for people. Just about everywhere people travel is a home more than it is a tourist attraction. The local pub



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fourth night after three paid nights with many tickets to Europe sold by travel agents on University campuses. Thus there is an insulated resort space for New World travellers without any pesky interference from the Greeks. It's spring break at Ft. Lauderdale with a more expen-

tric ovals of downtown. The trams which service the city are so clean and convenient you might think you were on the people mover at Disneyworld. Galleries and fancy cafés line the streets. Amsterdam also houses two world-class museums: the Rijksmuseum and the Van Gogh museum. It's easier to find someone who speaks English here than

Pinocchio, the people eventually turn into asses. One Scottish tourist denied that it was dangerous, "In Glasgow everyone gets pissed on a Saturday night and goes around looking for a fight, here everyone just gets high and sits around."

The natives see the red light district for exactly what it is: a goldmine. Amsterdamers keep a distance between their pristine

plays a bigger part in the average Londoners life than Big Ben. Only tourists turn their head when the Florentine bus passes Il Duomo. When one travels with only their eyes, even the most spectacular sights become a bore. Another gothic cathedral. Another palace. The most worthwhile attribute of anyplace is the people who live there and unlike the Eiffel Tower, they cannot be "done" in half an hour.

Fortier Takes A Bite Of The Unknown

by Rachel Parsons

An exploration of the mysteries of youth takes the choreographer Paul-André Fortier into uncharted territory. *Jeux de Fous*, a new creation by Paul-André Fortier now at L'Agora de la Danse, is an insightful and valuable work, deserving of attention. With *Jeux de Fous*, Fortier lives up to his reputation as one of Québec's most prominent choreographers, and makes the trip to the Agora worthwhile.

Jeux de Fous, Fortier's newest creation is geared, towards a young audience. He is motivated by a curiosity about the behaviour of young people, behaviour which can at times be hard to understand. There is an uncertainty and incompleteness to youthful encounters, an ambiguity perhaps stemming from too little knowledge of themselves, the other, life, and the world. Their behaviour is sometimes enthusiastic, sometimes indifferent, at times markedly candid, and at

other times cynical or reserved. Fortier's piece asks the following question: "Do young people live at the heart of things or at the surface?"

Jeux de Fous is the beginning of an answer to this question. Beginning, because there is no sense of an answer by the end of the piece, no sense of completion. Still, we feel the question has been genuinely and thoroughly explored.

The piece is performed by three dancers: Emmanuel Joulhe, Eve Lalonde, and Ivana Milicevic. It is set to music composed by Gaetan Leboeuf. Leboeuf's music defies any true classification. We hear a cello, an electric guitar, pedestrian-type sounds, and every so often - a beat. For the most part the dancers seek out unpretentious rhythms and attitudes in the music. Only seldomly is a beat there for the taking. Angry, and for the most part atonal, the music makes clear right away that we will be ex-

posed to a less than obvious slice of reality.

The dancers give vigour and energy to Fortier's guidance as choreographer. Chosen in part for their youth, (so as to make the exploration of youth authentic), each gives an honest and effective performance. Not holding back before an audience, the dancers expose their true ability as artists, and maintain a strong presence for the full hour, something important when there are no special effects to distract and entertain the audience. Special mention must be made of Ivana Milicevic, whose movements were exceptionally involved, and whose artistic generosity was amply displayed throughout the work.

The choreography was excellent. There were some truly ingenious moments in the work, where the movement, partnered and individual, was fresh, unique and inspirational. The floor work finds new genre of physical expression,

and the combination of Fortier's ingenuity and Milicevic's artistry is consistently effective. The dynamics between both Joulhe and Lalonde and Joulhe and Milicevic are intentionally different, and this distinction is made effective through Fortier's choreographic talent.

Commendable as it is, on the whole the piece felt limited, at times failing to reach more mature and unambiguous dimensions of expression, something which was dissatisfying for the audience. This was either due to a commitment on the part of Fortier to challenging conventional notions of maturity and unambiguity in dance, or was simply a reflection of the fact that the piece was about youths, and how they more or less cannot be understood by our conventional conceptualizations, or by mature and traditional modes of expression. Not having seen any of Fortier's other works, it is difficult for me to say which, and perhaps

the answer is both. Either way, although slightly dissatisfying for the audience, this characteristic of Fortier's work is not a bad thing; in fact, Fortier should be commended for creating a piece that is unrelenting in its creative pursuits, and which refuses to cater to the possibility of audience members with traditional expectations.

Uncluttered by words and thoughts, dance can be a purifying and learning experience for both the dancer and the audience. Such was *Jeux de Fous*. In general I want to strongly recommend this piece as a daring and inventive piece of work. After Fortier's defining question, however, I am left with a question of my own: "Is the movement that characterizes Fortier's work in this piece at the heart of things, or at the surface?" The answer, of course, lies partly in our response to the first question, a response I hope Fortier will continue to generate.

Tom Waits With A Butcher Knife

AN INTERVIEW WITH NORMAN NAWROCKI

by Micah Toub

Jesus was gay! This is not just a provoking and scandalous statement, but also the title of Rhythm Activism's new album. Their lead vocalist and violin player, Norman Nawrocki, tells me that most people respond to this statement with simply, "Well, I knew that."

It is obvious that Rhythm Activism's goal is to stir things up, but as I spoke to Norman Nawrocki in his small, colorfully decorated apartment in Montréal, I discovered that his motivation is also a serious one: "Every morning, I read the Gazette. And every morning I get really pissed off. My poems and songs come out of this... My inspiration comes from what's happening on the news, but also from what's happening out there on the street. I can go down the street and see people on this block going through the garbage and eating out of the garbage."

Many of the twelve songs on their album provoke listeners to think about social issues. The song "Helen Armstrong" is about a leader of the 1919 Winnipeg Gen-

eral Strike who, in the words of the song, "fed thousands of women from a soup kitchen ... Collected money to pay their rent," and went to jail many times in order to bring about better working conditions. Another song is about a fictional folk hero named Jack Daw, a man whose land is taken away by a bank and then dies of poverty. He comes back from the dead to seek revenge for himself and for everyone screwed over by banks. The song is sung with a rough cutting voice, but Nawrocki maintains that "Jack Daw's got an edge, but a huge funny bone." Humor mixed with social action is Rhythm Activism's forte.

Their live performances include much more than a group of musicians playing instruments and slightly bopping to the beat. Rhythm Activism often does shows in a cabaret style. They dress up in crazy costumes, tell stories and jokes, and act out their songs as they are playing them. Nawrocki says that he wants his shows to "have a fun spirit that we hope will bring people closer to each other and closer to the stage and make them see the humanity that we all

share."

Some of their songs, including two tracks off of *Jesus Was Gay* do not carry any social message at all, but are just meant to get people up and dancing. "Hopak" is a traditional, Western Ukrainian group flirtation dance interpreted with an urban Montréal twist, and "Serb" is a traditional Serbian folk dance. Nawrocki tells me that these songs are "numbers that we perform so people can dance. These are celebratory songs."

As well as social action songs, historical songs, and folk dances, the new album also contains a meditative song, "The Darkest Hour", which is meant to cause its listener to reflect back on her life. Rhythm Activism isn't afraid to venture into every musical genre that exists. This has led to a difficulty for critics and the band itself to place their music into a category. Nawrocki offered a couple of suggestions to me such as Rebel News Orchestra, Rock and Roll Cabaret and Tom Waits with a butcher knife. Their biography says that "[t]hey play a cutting-edge, hybrid mix of folk punk, country and eastern, gypsy grunge, urban rat jazz,



RHYTHM ACTIVISM GETS SILLY

lounge core and infectious, East European dance tunes." *Jesus Was Gay* certainly combines many of these things to bring about a stunningly eclectic mix of songs.

I figured a band as strange and unique as this one would probably have an interesting story of how it first began, and I was not let down. Nawrocki tells me about the fateful day: "Rhythm Activism came together quite by accident. I used to be a journalist and was in public relations. I got drunk one night, woke up the next morning, and I was a performance poet... Now we've done thousands of shows."

As Nawrocki got more into performance, he met other musicians until finally a band formed. Today, Rhythm Activism is composed of Sylvain Bouthillette

(bass), Sylvain Cote (guitars/accordion), Claude Dion (saxophone), Norman Nawrocki (words, violin) and Wilf Plum (drums). However, often times they split up to do side projects with just two people or else do shows on their own. Nawrocki admits that "Rhythm Activism is not our bread and butter, so we all have other jobs to pay the bills."

Nawrocki performed his one man show, "I Don't Understand Women" for three years all across Canada. It was a show aimed at helping men relate better with women. Nawrocki will soon go on tour with a new solo show entitled "My Dick and Other

Continued on page 10...

by Winnie the
Swamp

FLICKS FROM THE SWAMP

Stuffed with Fluff

Celebrity, misogyny and the Hundred Acre Woody Allen

Tired, I plunked my ferny brown head down on the six-pack abdomen of my beloved V., and begged her to help me with this article.

V. looked down at me and I up at she; she the Christopher Robin and I the Pooh Bear. Suddenly, we were in the Hundred Acre Woods and the phrase "Silly old bear," was planted down on my forehead like a big black branding iron.

"Just say how much you hate Branagh."

I hate Branagh so much that I've coined a verb.

branagh \ 'brä-nä\
vb **branaghed**;
branaghing; 1: to oink liplessly at the Shakespeare Club's front door 2: to make very poor, egotistical films 3: to waste what could have

been productive years of Emma Thompson's career 4: to be as welcome and worthwhile as a hemorrhoid in February.

Branagh is the star of *Celebrity*, Woody Allen's examination of the cult of the celebrity in America. It's *La Dolce Vita* without the religion - not the first time Woody has paid open homage to Fellini (See *Stardust Memories*, *Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex...*). There are some neat comic episodes, intelligent gags and Leonardo DiCaprio's much lamented presence stacks up to a tidy twelve minutes of screen promotion. Judy Davis competently plays the same character as usual, the neurotic ex-wife of Kenneth "Struggling-Writer" Branagh. Charlize Theron, Joe Montegna, Winona Ryder, Melanie Griffith etc. etc... the love triangles satirically explore the vapid egocentrism of the characters, their inability to commit to love thanks to that bad guy we call "the urban condition". The meta-physical conceit of the cult of the celebrity and a whole lot of other things are presented that would be deeply profound to us if they weren't so old and boring that they can kill a philosopher at fifty paces, just by looking at him. These themes are stupid when not comic.

Branagh sabotages *Celebrity*

by mimicking Woody's verbal mannerisms. Actors who succeed at Allen dialogue (Alan Alda, John Cusack, Diane Keaton, Mia Farrow) do it by nuancing the mumbling neuroses. Branagh can't manage it worth a poo.

Woody Allen is the only film maker that I can think of to ever create a genre of one. The extremely specific style of Allen's language,

just a manifestation of problematic tendencies long encoded within Allen's oeuvre.

I'm not your mommy and I'm not your pop, so I don't feel that I have to lecture you about the separation between the artist and the art or the impropriety of blaming an artist for the politics of his/her work. But I must mention that Woody's latest films, admittedly the twilight of his second golden era, must explore the misogyny of his genre because that's the only thing left in not yet addressed.

Besides, nothing's funny if it doesn't break the rules. Comedy allows us to sympathize with creeps and lechers whom we'd feel guilty about liking in serious narratives. Ask Aristophanes if you don't believe me. In comedy

we like jerks, picaresque misogynists and emotional criminals, not Christopher Robin. Comedy has this great ability to invert the morals of straight drama. The fallacy so often adopted by critics of Woody is imagining that he doesn't rely on outrage and the cheap gag just like Groucho Marx, Charlie Chaplin and Buster Keaton. Just 'cause his movies are usually smart and innovative doesn't mean that his characters are essays on morality.

Celebrity not a well crafted movie. It's puffy, gruff and stuffed with fluff. But let's not go trashing the greatest living screenwriter for doing his job. By isolating his little Hundred Acres of an oeuvre from the fingers of other film makers, Woody has taken up the responsibility of exploring a particular kind of group dynamic completely; following it to all its emotional edges. It's not supposed to be nice, boys and girls, it's supposed to be funny.

Remember, the wonderful thing about Woody is Woody's a wonderful thing, his bottom is made out of rubber, his tail is made out of spring, he's bouncy bouncy bouncy bouncy, fun fun fun fun fun. But the most wonderful thing about Woody is he's the only one.

Celebrity is playing at the Egyptian.



WOODY AND WINNIE: SEPARATED AT BIRTH?

characters and setting make these movies corollaries only of themselves. I guess other film makers have tried to align with Allen, but I can't think of a successful one. Woody's movies are a genre unto themselves, a clubhouse in which he sits alone.

The only neat thing about *Celebrity* is that it indicates that Woody Allen is still able, after 32 years and 28 movies, to explore a tiny, specific genre without the redundancy that would assassinate it. In a lot of ways, Woody's work is as snobbish as Woody's characters.

Lately, critics have harped on the oral sex fixation found in *Deconstructing Harry*, *Mighty Aphrodite* and now *Celebrity* as indicative of an aging Allen turning into a dangerous misogynist. Critics can be such cocksuckers sometimes.

News flash: Woody Allen's genre has always been misogynistic. Can we honestly look at *Manhattan*, *Hall*, *The Purple Rose of Cairo*, *A Midsummer Night's Sex Comedy* and *Alice* without seeing precursors of *Deconstructing Harry* and *Celebrity*? Watch the sensitive male movies again and tell me if you don't find scopophilia, pedophilia, trivialization, stereotype, denigration, emotional abuse and infantilization all wrapped up in cellophane and tied with a huge red psychoanalytic bow. Oral sex by women on men is

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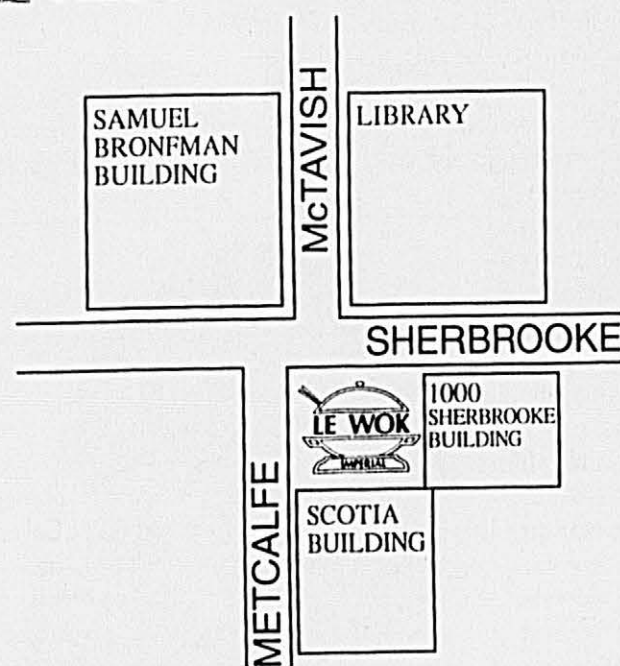
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Histories We Have Been Taught to Forget

by David Austin

When Alfie Roberts arrived in Montréal in 1968, bombs were being detonated all over the city. "I came here during what we understand, in retrospect, as the Quiet Revolution," the late St. Vincent's-born politico and former West Indian test cricketer said in an interview. "Every other day, you heard that a bomb was put in a mail box and that a group called the FLQ was responsible." By 1968, Montréal was experiencing the social upheaval that was taking hold throughout the world. Student protests took place internationally and opposition to the Vietnam War was mounting. Mass uprisings in France and Czechoslovakia almost toppled their governments. In the United States, on the heels of the assassination of Martin Luther King, the Civil Rights and Black Power Movements were becoming more acute. And in Canada, the struggle for Québec independence was spurred by the works of the Martinican revolutionary Frantz Fanon and inspired by black struggles in the US, and Africa. Third World liberation movements, students protests, the Front de libération du Québec, and other social movements heightened the intensity of struggle. But it was not only the French Quebecois who agitated for social change: faced with the city's own brand of racism and discrimination, and charged by the

Union Ballroom from October 11 to 14. A national scandal helped set the tone for the four day affair. On the opening day of deliberations, news that the custodians of a Nova Scotian cemetery had refused to allow a young black girl to be buried there drove home the need for a congress of this sort. Hundreds of people attended to discuss the history and struggles of black people and the meaning of Black Power in the face of racism and colonialism in the West and in the Third World.

The mission statement
"The most noticeable characteristic of modern white oppres-

But it was not only the French Quebecois who agitated for social change: faced with the city's own brand of racism and discrimination, and charged by the era's climate of social protest, Montréal blacks organized sit-ins, demonstrations, and carried out other forms of social protest.

sioners also acknowledged that black struggle took place on cultural, as well as political and economic fronts. They also recognized the importance of rewriting the history of those subjected to the violence and demoralization of colonial oppression. "Here, for the first time in Canada," continued the text, "an attempt will be made to recall, in a series of popular lectures by black scholars, artists and politicians, a history which we have been taught to forget...in short, the history of the black liberation struggle, from its origins in slavery to the present day."

The speakers

A range of black political and literary figures were invited to speak. In attendance was Black Power advocate Stokely Carmichael; James Foreman, leader of the Student Non-violent Coordinating Committee's (SNCC) International Bureau; psychiatrist Alvin Poussaint; poet Ted Joans; writer René Depestre; Harry Edwards, sociologist and organizer of the Black Power protests at the 1968 Olympics; the young historians Robert Hill and the late Walter Rodney; and writer, historian, and politico, C.L.R. James. Writers Leroi Jones and Eldridge Cleaver of the Black Panther Party sent their regrets.

Women were conspicuously absent. While they worked behind the scenes to help get the Congress off the ground, singer Miriam Makeba was the only

prominent woman present. Even at that, she was accompanying Stokely Carmichael and was not a guest speaker. The bulk of the speakers directed their comments to the "brothers" in the audience, seemingly oblivious to the presence of women in the room.

If the place of women in the struggle received little attention, the role for whites did. The belief held by some of the organizers that whites should not be permitted entry to the Congress sparked considerable debate from the outset. It also generated virulent criticism from the media, foreshadowing the outrage that greeted the organizers of the 1993 Writing 'Thru' Race' conference in Vancouver. The decision was eventually taken that restricting whites was untenable. Smaller caucuses or "family gatherings" would be confined to black delegates and participants only.

Partly in response to the refusal on the part of Richard Small, British lawyer and community organizer, to discuss strategies for black liberation in front of the white members of the audience, noted economist Lloyd Best criticized the intellectual level of the Congress as being "absolutely scandalous". To the dismay of some members of the audience, he accused the speakers of dividing the world into "cowboys and Indians."

Arguably, Best failed to realize that this was not a writers conference per se. As Dennis Forsythe later described it in *Let*

the Niggers Burn! The Sir George Williams Affair, and its Caribbean Aftermath (1971), the Congress was an opportunity to "demonstrate the emotional intensity of Blacks crying out in the wilderness." Others would later describe it as a revival meeting organized to inspire black people to political action. It was not the typical dry, overly-academic conference that were far more common than as they are now. The assumption that literature and other art forms cannot be divorced from their social and political contexts permeated the Congress. In this respect, it kept with the spirit of the various Pan African and black writers' conferences held in Europe and North America since the late Trinidadian barrister Henry Sylvester Williams convened the first, in England in 1900.

Nonetheless, Best's criticisms



ELDRIDGE CLEAVER

sion has been its guilt-ridden conscience," read the Congress' mission statement, signed by co-chairs Elder Thebaud and Rosie Douglas. "It has always sought to justify its oppressive control over the other races by resorting to arrogant claims of inherent superiority, and attempting to denigrate the cultural and historical achievements of the oppressed peoples."

In their statement, the organ-



MALCOLM X

were partially vindicated when Harry Edwards cautioned those present not to get caught up in attacking individual whites. The focus needed to be on "the system" itself. In a similar vein, Nova Scotian Rocky Jones, the only African Canadian speaker at the Congress, spoke of the need for black people to form coalitions with Natives and the French in Québec. Alone, blacks were only a small minority in Canada.

Reporting for the CBC, journalist Marion McCormick ex-

Dedicated to the life and memory of Martin Luther King and Malcolm X, the Congress took place in McGill University's

THE CONGRESS OF BLACK WRITERS, MONTRÉAL, 1968

pressed her dismay and bewilderment when whites in attendance (about half the audience) "clapped with insane enthusiasm as speaker after speaker abused them...Perhaps they were working off their guilt by submitting to this kind of flagellation." But McCormick found some consolation in the fact that "there were few Canadian blacks at the meeting and just about no Montréalers. The Congress was put on by the West Indian students at McGill and it was very much a gathering of foreigners." One can only speculate as to how McCormick was able to distinguish the "real" black Canadians from the "foreigners". Indeed, Walter Rodney would later lament that, aside from the *McGill Daily*, the press was concerned with reporting on "nice little juicy bits about violence."

But even McCormick was forced to admit that the Congress served as a wake-up call for Canadians regarding the presence of racism in this country. And, despite his criticism of "propagandistic" presentations and the fact that conference never seemed to decide whether it was a public or private affair, Boyce Richardson of the *Montreal Star* acknowledged that the Congress and the Black Power Movement in general had the "entirely laudable purpose of building a solidarity, sense of unity, and self-respect among black people everywhere." He went on to praise the contributions of "the big guns," as she described them—James Foreman, Harry Edwards, and Stokely Carmichael—on questions of national independence and of the dehumanizing effects of racism and colonialism.

A history of black protest in Montréal

"We didn't think we were doing anything astonishing," Roberts would later reflect on the period, "and we were very conscious of the fact that we weren't starting anything new." The Congress was part of a history of pro-

test in response to the racism that blacks in Montréal were experiencing long before the 1960s.

As early as 1632 Olivier Le Jeune, the first slave to be sold in New France, had admonished the Jesuit minister Paul Le Jeune for suggesting that all were equal under God. "You say that by baptism I shall be like you," said Le Jeune. "I am black and you are

the National Association of Loyal Negroes, which focused its sights on the repatriation of blacks to former German colonies in Africa after the First World War, also had a base in Montréal under the leadership of a Dillon C. Govin.

By the mid 1950s, Britain, previously the largest recipient of West Indian immigrants, no longer desired large numbers of immigrant labourers to rebuild the country following World War II. It began to discourage immigration to its shores. Caribbean governments began pressuring Canadian immigration authorities to retract its "climate unsuitability" clause which gave the government the power to prohibit entry of an immigrant on the basis of "nationality, citizenship, ethnic group, occupation, class or geographical area of origin." Thousands of West Indians flocked to Montréal, Toronto, and other cities in Canada.

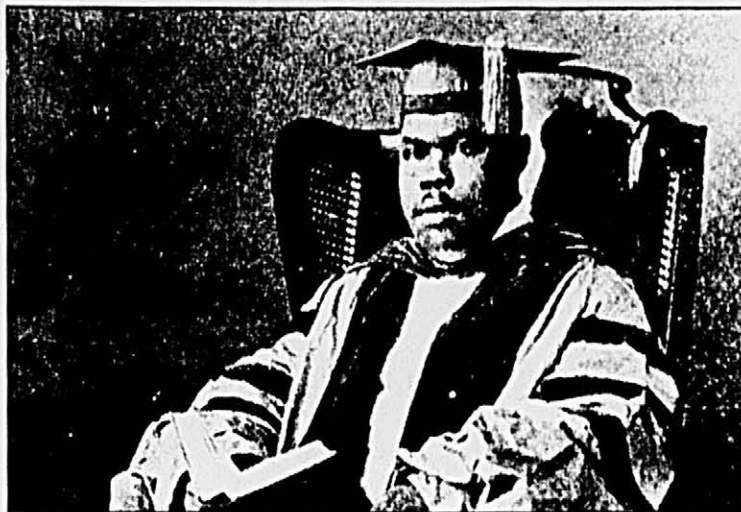
West Indians arriving in Montréal found a close-knit black community with a thriving jazz scene. Until the early sixties, most black people were concentrated "below the tracks" in Little Burgundy, for the most part segregated from the rest of Montréal society. When whites came into contact with blacks their response was often a negative one. On public transport they often got up from their seat rather than sit beside a black person. Blacks were frequently refused service in public restaurants, clubs, and bars and landlords often refused to rent to them. Though some blacks found highly-skilled work, in general, good, well-paying employment opportunities were scarce. The only jobs available were as factory hands, porters, doormen, and waiters.

But many black people did not

white, I must have my skin taken off then in order to be like you."

In 1734, Marie-Joseph Angélique, a black slave, set ablaze almost half of Montréal as she attempted to escape her persecutors. During the first quarter of this century, organizations such as the Negro Community Centre, the Negro Citizenship Association, the Coloured Women's Club of Montréal, The Union United Church, and a chapter of Marcus Garvey's Universal Negro Improvement Association (UNIA) were formed by Montréal blacks to accommodate their needs and to lighten the blow of racial discrimination they confronted in Québec. In fact, the parents of Malcolm X, Louise Langdon and Earl Little, were part of the Montréal chapter of the UNIA and were married in this city.

Another little-known group,



MARCUS GARVEY

come to Canada to stay. They came to get an education or make enough money to return home, some with the future development of their native countries in mind. It was with the future of the Caribbean in mind that a small group of blacks (including Robert Hill, Alfie Roberts, Tim Hector, Franklyn Harvey, Ann Cools, and Rosie Douglas) came together and formed the Conference Committee on West Indian Affairs (CCWIA) in Montréal in 1965 and organized a series of conferences that included presentations by figures such as Barbadian writer George Lamming and C.L.R. James.

The Conference Committee on West Indian Affairs

The renowned Barbadian writer George Lamming was the keynote speaker at their 1965 inaugural conference on "The Shaping of the Future of the West Indies". In his opening address, referring to the Conference Committee, Lamming pronounced, "What you are doing here tonight has many echoes in London and with many of your compatriots who work in various activities throughout Africa. You are in fact in a sense operating on a world scale. I want also to congratulate you on what I believe is the first conference of this kind." It was the first time Lamming had been invited as a guest by a West Indian organization outside of the Caribbean region.

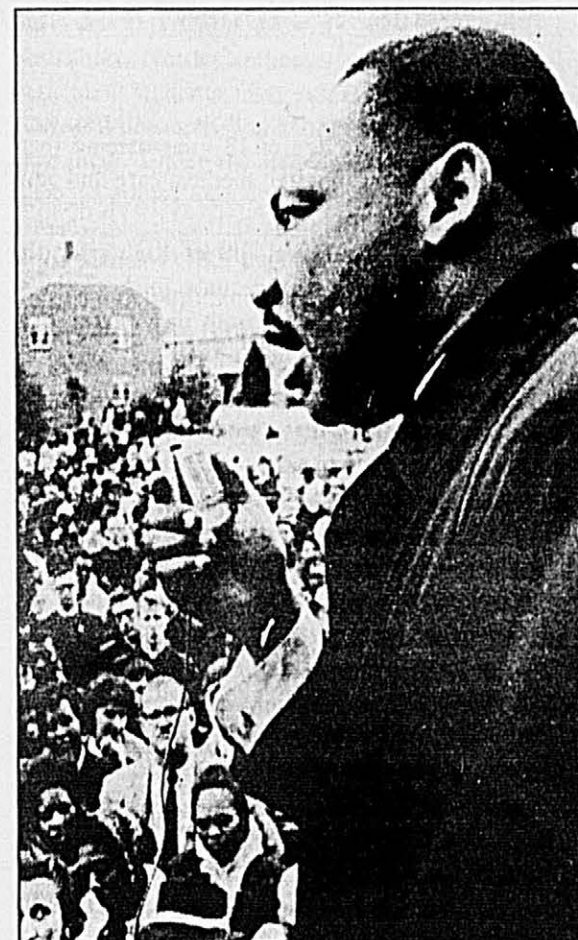
C. L. R. James, one of this century's great minds, was a central part of the Committee's consciousness raising activities: conducting

classes with the group's members and lecturing at various venues throughout the city. Struck by the level of commitment and the group's remarkable sense of purpose, James once felt compelled to inquire of the Committee, "Who are you people?"

This small group made a unique contribution to the climate of social change that was already present in Montréal. Though several members of the Conference Committee had left Montréal by 1968, others stayed behind and participated in the development of Montréal's and Canada's black communities.

New groups were being formed and began to organize other events, less international in scope, focusing more specifically on the situation of blacks in Canada. But it was the work of the CCWIA that provided the impetus and inspiration for the 1968 Congress, which was the culmination of the consciousness raising activities they themselves had begun.

Next week, Part II of this series on the history of Black protest in Montréal will look at the Sir George Williams Affair.



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THE DAILY
STUDENT

Night of the Dead Living

by Melanie Takefman

What do 36 angels, punks and raging queens have in common?

Aside from the fact that they all died of AIDS, they're coming back to life on November 29 and 30, to tell Montréal their stories.

At first, *Elegies*, a theatre piece composed of 36 monologues and songs about people who have died of AIDS, sounded like a cheap rip-off of "Rent." However, *Elegies* is like nothing the theatre world has ever seen before.

First of all, *Elegies* is only playing for two nights in Montréal, once in English (Sunday, November 29) and once in French (Monday, November 30). Second, all of the proceeds from the play will be donated to the Farha Foundation, Quebec's leading AIDS organization. In addition, the entire cast and crew are putting the show on for free. The producers hope to raise \$50 000 in two nights.

Elegies has a different cast for each night, but the characters are the same: Roscoe, the flamboyant drag queen, a six-year-old girl, a nurse who was infected at work, and the young man who was misdiagnosed with AIDS, but not before he threw himself out of an eighth-storey window.

"I was hearing all these stories and there wasn't one that I wanted to spend the whole evening telling," playwright and director Bill Russell said. Plus, he wanted to cover "the

wide spectrum of people that AIDS has both infected and affected."

Russell was inspired by the AIDS Commemorative Quilt, a tribute to people who have died of the disease.

In 1992, he wrote *Elegies* as a theatrical interpretation of the quilt. Since then it has been performed in London, New York, Greece and Israel.

Isabelle Cyr, the show's co-producer and one of the actors in the show, first heard about the show from her sister, who performed in the London production, five years ago.

Cyr said that most shows about AIDS are depressing, but *Elegies* is different. "You come out of there and you just want to throw yourself off

the bridge, and they decided to put on the show for two nights only, in conjunction with AIDS Awareness Day, December 1. Cyr and Roy, both local actors, also translated *Elegies* into French.

Unfortunately, the AIDS situation has not improved a lot since 1992. Right now, the most susceptible groups in Québec are women and young people between the ages of 17 and 23.

That age group is particularly vulnerable, Cyr said, because "they grew up knowing about the disease and watching the trendiness go by." In other words, people don't think that AIDS is such a pressing issue anymore. But that is not the case. While *Elegies* is definitely a piece about AIDS, it's also just a bunch of ordinary people trying to make sense of their lives and their deaths.

"It's such a mirror of society that you come up with your own conclusion when you see the show," said Cyr.

Aside from its social impact, Cyr and Roy hope to bridge the gap between the English and French theatre communities. Also, Cyr wants to avoid making *Elegies* a "ghetto" piece and anticipates a diverse audience.

So, take a break from the election mayhem and support a good cause. Tickets cost \$30 each.

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PHOTO BY KATYA HUCHELDER
PRACTICE MAKES PERFECT FOR THE PERFORMERS OF ELEGIES

the bridge, it is so invigorating," she said.

At first, Cyr established that it would be impossible to stage a regular season play with a cast of 36. Furthermore, she said, it was a time when there was a "lack of involvement from the government and people in general."

"It was at a time when AIDS was pretty high but no one was willing to personally involve themselves in it," she continued. A year ago, she hooked up with Jasmin Roy, co-pro-

Norman Nawrocki

...continued from page 6

Manly Tales," which will focus on homophobia.

Inquiring as to the affect that these shows have on people, Nawrocki told me rather unabashedly that people do come up to him all the time to say that they've really learned something valuable and hope to live their life better from now on. "We don't have any illusions that this album or any of our music will ever change things radically, but as a tool to help people to open their eyes, ears and mind to what's going on, we can play a role in that process."

Some of their music does reach a higher scale of public influence. As I talk to Nawrocki, it came up that I am from Colorado, which is where Coors beer is brewed. He tells me that Rhythm Activism once performed a song about Coors beer. The management at Coors were treating their employees poorly and discriminating on the basis of race and sexuality. Just as people were starting to boycott Coors, Rhythm Activism came out with a song describing the ills of the beer giant. Bar managers and liquor store owners

asked if it was true, and Nawrocki had the research to back it up. Many of these people stopped buying Coors beer. I thought this was a pretty impressive effect to have, but then immediately thought of all the other beer companies that are probably just as oppressive to its employees. Nawrocki leaned back in his chair, and with a optimistic tone, told me: "well, that's another song. We haven't written those songs yet. That'll come later."

Rhythm Activism's 'Jesus Was Gay Tour' hits Montréal Friday, December 4 at Petit Café Campus.

Reinforcing Gender Stereotypes

CAN'T WE MOVE BEYOND THIS?

by Sarah Kim

University is a place where all are treated with respect and as equals. It is a space where people make a conscious effort not to discriminate against or create a hostile environment for those around them.

Yeah right. It's more like university is a place where power re-

gressive dominators are perpetuated. Why the cynicism? Well, let's begin with the kind of events that take place on our campus.

On Saturday, November 14, 1998, I was at Gert's Pub to observe a "Bikini Contest" / Mr. Gert's & Miss Gert's Pageant for an Anthropology assignment.

Now, the organizers may claim that it was "play" and just "for fun", however, it cannot be simply dismissed as such. There were some pretty offensive and repulsive things going on. Allow me to give a few, poignant examples:

In response to the "skill-testing" question, "What's your best pick-up line?", some Mr. Gert's contestants replied:

"Well fuck me if I'm wrong, but I think you want to blow me!"

"The word of the day is legs. How about we go up to my room and spread the word?"

The next "skill-testing" ques-

tion asked, "What's your idea of a romantic date?" to which contestants responded:

"We'd go out for a romantic dinner and stuff. Then I'd take her back to my place, handcuff her to the bed, and rape her a little."

"She'd give me a blow job. That's romance, baby!"

"We'd go out for a romantic dinner and stuff. Then I'd take her back to my place, handcuff her to the bed, and rape her a little."

As for the Miss Gert's pageant/Bikini Contest, it involved a lot of clothing removal and "dancing" that made the scene a lot more reminiscent of what you'd find in a strip club.

Why is this event a problem? Well, for one it counts, by definition, as sexual harassment under McGill's Sexual Harassment policy. This means that discipli-

nary action can result. Secondly, it contravenes Article 10 of the Quebec Charter of Human Rights concerning discrimination, including discrimination on the basis of sex, which raises legal implications for the event.

But legalities and disciplinary action are not part of my agenda.

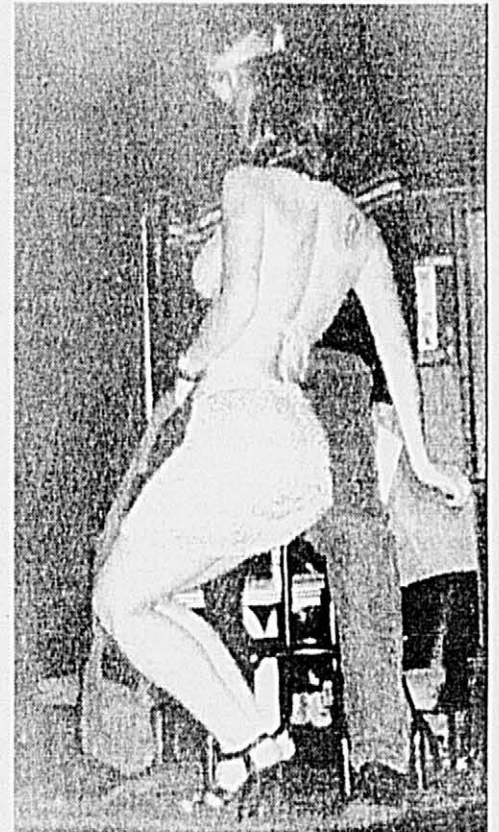
People need to recognize that such events carry serious messages, even if they are supposedly "for fun". Is it funny to make a joke about committing a violent criminal act by raping your date? Does joking make rape a less serious offense? Sorry, but no. These behaviours promote violence against women, misogyny, sexism, not to mention negative images of both women and men. It debases and degrades us all, regardless of gender.

Apologies or excuses cannot rectify the situation. It's not enough to do charity work to revamp an image or reputation. What needs to occur is a fundamental change in attitude. There are no "chicks" (you're not in a barnyard and if you were the term

still wouldn't apply to a person) nor are there "real men" (as opposed to what, fake men?). We're all one and the same: we're all people. We all have the right to be treated with respect and equality. Think about the messages you propagate through your actions. You say

MCGILL'S SEXUAL HARASSMENT POLICY INCLUDES ANY CONDUCT WHICH A) "IS DISCRIMINATORY OR HOSTILE TO THOSE PERSONS BECAUSE OF THEIR SEX IN A MANNER THAT THE PERSON KNOWS OR OUGHT TO REASONABLY KNOW CREATES FOR THOSE PERSONS AN INTIMIDATING, HOSTILE, OR OFFENSIVE WORKING, LEARNING, EXTRACURRICULAR, OR, IN THE RESIDENCES, LIVING ENVIRONMENT AND B) THAT EXCEEDS THE BOUNDS OF FREEDOM OF EXPRESSION OR ACADEMIC FREEDOM. CONDUCT OF A SEXUAL NATURE MEANS ANY CONDUCT WHOSE INTENT, IN WHOLE OR IN PART, IS TO SEEK THE SEXUAL ATTENTION OR FAVOUR OF THE PERSON TO WHOM IT IS DIRECTED OR WHOSE INTENT, IN WHOLE OR IN PART, IS TO TREAT THE OTHER PERSON AS AN OBJECT OF SEXUAL DESIRE."

lations continue to be reinforced and stereotypes of women as sexual objects and men as ag-



GERT'S SINKS TO NEW LOWS: PAGEANT NIGHT LOOKED MORE LIKE A STRIP CLUB

Life is Beautiful

in the eyes of Benigni

by Yael Friedman

Perhaps the greatest challenge in the film industry is the production of a movie that successfully portrays the significance of the human catastrophe of the Holocaust while still making it entertaining and accessible. Of course this has not stopped studios from meeting this formidable task head-on, and as a result the movie going public has been presented with a surfeit of movies about the subject. These have ranged from the subtle and poignant *Europa Europa*, to the high-budget, bland artifice of *Swing Kids*. Each time such a film is released it must confront a highly-educated, scrutinizing audience whose knowledge about this period in history has instilled in it a prejudice about such a theme that is very hard to allay, and even more difficult to satisfy and please.

Without the marketing techniques and financially-backed

demographics of movies from the big Hollywood studios, the new Italian movie *Life is Beautiful* manages to address all of these issues, and has thankfully given us a beautifully crafted tale, that without any cinematic manipulation, truly touches its audience.

What is so strikingly different about *Life is Beautiful* is that it is a serious narrative told through the sometimes simple and always incredibly funny slapstick comedy of its writer, director, and lead actor, Roberto Benigni. It is also a charming romance and begins with Benigni's character wooing the beautiful, high class (and non-Jewish) Dora, whose name the viewer is sure to forget by the last scene, since Benigni always refers to her as his *principessa*. In one of the funniest and satirically heroic parts of the movie, Benigni who happens to be the waiter at his future wife's engagement party (not to him of course!), en-

ters the large ballroom filled with the town's elite, atop a beautiful white horse and literally sweeps his *principessa* off her feet. The ironic part of this fairytale scene is that Prince Charming's white horse is covered in green paint with an anti-semitic message written across it. During the festivities someone from the town decided to send a message to the horse's Jewish owner (Benigni's uncle) who also happens to be the proprietor of the Grand Hotel where the engagement party was taking place. He is presumably quite wealthy; a quality that perhaps easily invoked the resentment and hostile anti-semitism of his fellow townsmen. It is with this kind of irony that Benigni delivers the sad and unromanticized paradox of the Holocaust.

After *principessa's* courtship, the movie cuts to the couple a few years later with their young son. Not once during the progression

of the movie is there a mention of the boy's Jewish identity. He is just a small, beautiful, intelligent and innocent little boy. Through comedy reminiscent of Charlie Chaplin and Danny Kaye, Benigni manages to keep his child from realizing the doom and horror awaiting them at the concentration camp, the cruelty and viciousness of the Nazi guards, and the squalor and misery of their barracks. Rather, he makes it all into a big game, in which him, the other prisoners, and the guards are all players. Of course the objective is to gain enough points and survive.

Not for a second does the father want to relinquish from his son the beauty of life, and maintains it even through its ugliest form. It is through this beauty and unconditional love that the movie is able to reach the viewer with the gravity of the situation. What results is an almost physical re-

action from the audience when it realizes it has to accept the shock and pain of what the Holocaust really was.

The comedy in this movie has been criticized as trivializing the Holocaust. Actually, the force of the humour in making the movie so personal and accessible is what makes it so effective as well. Benigni, who has been previously been in such Jim Jarmusch movies as *Down by Law* and *Night on Earth*, uses this genre as a successful new medium through which to convey this story.

Both entertaining, and historically satisfying with an unintimidating depth, this movie succeeds in fulfilling what it set out to do - to present a funny, warm, and beautiful movie that depicts the irony of the Holocaust and the sad innocence of its victims. Out of the new lot of late year Oscar pretenders, this movie deserves to be seen the most.

Hooray for the Little Guy

by Tal Pinchevsky

BUY NOTHING DAY REMINDS US THAT LESS IS MORE

Right now, being between American Thanksgiving and Christmas, it is a time when we, not as a particular demographic, but as an all-consuming image-loving, people are subjected to the most ambitious set of advertising of the year in an attempt to catalyze our endless need to spend. Without making too many enemies (after all, I am simply providing an outlet for the rallying cry of a dispirited group of people), our Western culture is considered rather greedy. We buy to feel good about ourselves and, more importantly, we buy to make others feel worse about themselves. This Western consumerist ideology is the foundation of a great discrepancy in global consumption where 20% of the population consumes 80% of the world's natural resources.

On Friday, November 27th however, a former advertising executive and the group he has founded and funded are making a spirited and rather tongue-in-cheek attempt to subdue this game of hype-inspired gimme-gimme.

Many of us are familiar with Santa and Scrooge, who combine their massive forces for the common good. That is, if serving the common good of humanity includes peddling the wares of Canadian Tire department franchises. This begs my next question: how many of you are familiar with the annual advertisement which portrays a snorting pig over a mapped background of our planet? This is part of the ambitious campaign for

the now-international Buy Nothing Day, a commercial attempt to eliminate commercialism.

The idea was devised by the Adbusters group and its founder Kalle Lasn. After working in advertising in Tokyo, Lasn moved to Canada and became a documentary filmmaker. While watching a local forestry company promoting their clear-cutting as "forest management," he put together his own promotional campaign documenting the inherent evil in these ideas, and his career as an activist was born.

Adbusters also has a quarterly magazine of the same name that sells for \$5.75 a copy and is believed to have some 40,000 subscribers. The magazine satirically depicts the effects of advertising on our shop 'n' go culture. These portrayals include a parody of Joe Camel entitled "Joe Chemo" and a "Big Mac Attack" advertisement delineating a man on an operating table. Other Adbuster campaigns include "TV Turnoff Week" a resistance against the deterioration of the minds of our planet. It takes place April 22-28 alongside a boycott against the so-called "Dirty Dozen" magazine syndicate (made up of TV Guide, Newsweek and Playboy among others) in an effort to dissolve their clean and exciting images of smoking via tobacco ads.

As for their most widespread function, Buy Nothing Day is externalized and celebrated through several different media, both innovative and conventional. Several volunteers have already contrib-

uted to the proliferation of this message by putting up posters and airing so-called "anti-advertisements" on both television and radio. More creative means of spreading the buy-nothing mantra include the performance of street theatre vocalizing the plight of Western culture, staging mass credit card cut-ups and, an idea that I am particularly fond of, the passing out of "Christmas Gift Exemption Vouchers." This voucher exempts its recipient from buying you a gift upon the condition that they simply spend some time with you.

At the local level, there is a multitude of events transpiring this Friday to celebrate the cause at and around McGill. There will be workshops held all day starting at 11:00 in Leacock 232 and a demonstration is scheduled to begin in Phillip's Square around 6:30.

Over a fairly short period of time, Buy Nothing Day has gone from a little known protest concentrated primarily in Seattle, Vancouver, and Vermont, to a global celebration that close to one million people in 15 different countries observed last year.

This grass roots outcry has slowly become the only environmental movement that is able to confront the topic of sustainable consumption in a way that appeals to all activists while not alienating the greater population of laymen with a series of convoluted political jargon. At the same time it is able to present a somewhat legitimate challenge to the ideals of neo-classical economics.

Regardless of whether your beliefs are consistent with anything Buy Nothing Day represents, there is something to be said of Lasn, the brain behind the idea. I'll say this much: trying to appeal to both activists and Joe Shmoe alike, the man's got big cojones! Lasn has repeatedly confronted all major US television networks in an attempt to both decrease their uncontrollable allowance of product images and subliminally manipulate them into airing his ads for the special day that resists those very images. All this knowing full well that there is greater likelihood of McDonald's introducing the McTofu than in NBC, CBS, or ABC running the ad. In the words of Richard Gitter, vice president of advertising standards at NBC, "we don't want to take any advertising that is inimical to our legitimate business interests."

In an ironic twist of fate, one of the men who has profited most from consumerism has come to Lasn's rescue. Last year, for the third year in a row, media magnate Ted Turner's Cable News Network agreed to air the ad. "We should make our commercial space available to debate issues of our day" said Steven Haworth, a spokesperson for Time-Warner inc.

In an effort to help make all of us more responsible as consumers, Adbusters have distributed a list of questions to aid us in distinguishing the actual value of a product beyond its price tag. These questions are:

1. Do I need it?

2. How many do I already have?
3. How much will I use it?
4. How long will it last?
5. Could I borrow it from a friend or family member?
6. Can I do without it?
7. Am I able to clean, lubricate and/or maintain it myself?
8. Am I willing to?
9. Will I be able to repair it?
10. Have I researched it to get the best quality for the best price?
11. How will I dispose of it when I'm done using it?
12. Are the resources that went into it renewable or nonrenewable?
13. Is it made of recycled materials, and is it recyclable?
14. Is there anything that I already own that I could substitute for it?

Consumer culture is as inherent to our culture as anything. This is something that could not be disputed at any level. This statement is not an alibi for purchases that lack any semblance of reason. Buy Nothing Day is a political outcry, it is not a rant against the foundation of democracy. So, you see, the object of this global rally is not to inhibit any and all spending, it is to make sure that we become more aware as consumers. Awareness of the choices that advertising cannot make for us is a choice that is relative to all of us. Now, if you'll excuse me, I am going to put on my no-tread shoes and walk my no-brand ass to a restaurant that will serve me and only me, not one billion.

by As I'z

Notes from Within a Crowd

CHICAGO'S ISOTOPE 217 PLAYS AT ISART

In my head, there was this moment of clairvoyance; at least for a second, maybe more, I heard my voice over these city streets. And everything was still... And I could feel myself think. And I could hear myself breath. 25 fucking floors above concrete, and I can't hear the cars. I can only hear the wind like an underwater breeze, my mind rolls leisurely over sifted sands.

Inevitably the feedback from the keyboard returned. Like the exhaust from a forgotten, running engine. Drowning me in the convoluted flow that I have lived the totality of every year and every day. Of which I find no holiday, from the sound in which I was born of. The child of grey walls, of grey grass, of grey trees. A grey that exudes from my TV. An

orphan lullaby I need to fall asleep.

We find ourselves jamming in our underground recluse. Dan Bitney and John Hendron exchanging their percussions. Jeff Parker chilling, casually concentrated over an electric guitar. Robert Mazurek on cornet, screaming triumphantly. Loud, enough to hear the anthem of an organic people over the sound of constant churning metal.

We are musicians in a lab. And the instruments we fiddle with, probe with infinite analysis. Save us from pavement paralysis. Producing, re-arranging and tranquilizing, melodizing, the chaos and commotion. With spontaneous devotion. We Experiment. Experiment with the sounds of horns, and whistles. Of

millions of treading feet. Of coins falling all day into slots. Our jams can sound like traffic jams, subways come and subways leave. Everything is make believe.

With our backs turned away from the centre stage, we individually concentrate, roll up tobacco joints, absorbed in awe and ecstasy over the evolving, fluxuating sounds that we emit, from our unpredictable instruments.

Today this cloud of smoke burns my eyes. It's funny cuz I never realized. And the ashtray already done overflow. And these forties got my bladder ready to explode...But why fix what was s'posed to be broke.

I am skilled with schizophrenia, twanging on my electric guitar, sitting on my imaginary

porch, watching the day die tonight. I care for you, I swear to Jesus-up-above I do, it's just there's this ringing in my ears. And I can't seem to concentrate. And I can't sit up straight. And I can't hold a job. But who else but me, reckless and serene, could create these erratic, aesthetic, beats.

I find tranquility, in this instant. And in the next, I am jubilant. A sanity that might blow up. BAM, BAM. I am sweet and I am menacing. And I enjoy temporary gaiety with no thought or hesitancy. Learning early to exploit every unwarranted emotion. Close my eyes and this beat is intense. Like a wooden roller coaster, shaking me and thrilling me, until I start to nauseate. Lose control and my

frustrations could come crashing down. And I hope you ain't around.

In hallucinations I disappear, released into space. A white rocketship came to take me someplace. The music ascending into extending trances. Where the drum beat dragged. And the horn floated, drifting in the distance. Outside gravity. Where my feet could either find firm floors, or long falls.

Part III of the Chicago Now jazz series continues tonight. Check out Fred Anderson at Isart. The first set begins at 9:30. Tickets are \$15 for students, \$20 otherwise, in advance. They can be bought at Cheapthrills. If you wait till you get there, it's gonna cost you \$25.

Creative Space

the stomach black spins
head left in
veggie pate portuguese of no respect
possible herpes bites back after
years of oral sex
staring down my back
is the shoes of
guilt with little see through air bags
the chain on my finger
allow it only violence and long nails
flashing quick sun
disappears behind the idea of truth
and society
and self which is society which is self
which is which flying on a broomstick
i miss the crackle of the skirt flying mystic
who is so easy to laugh at
and the monastic awkwardness of exchanging papers and words
in a course full of the army
black and white stars
with chin on my hair

Ivan Shan

The Night of the Dripping Moon

i helped a man walk down the street
into the night of the Dripping Moon
and was thanked a thousand-fold

into the night a man walked down
i thank the Dripping Moon
a thousand-fold

to thank the man of the Dripping Moon
is to be helped down the street
a thousand-fold

Joseph Neudorfer

ananda tandava rise is set

a joint, and some tea, and some public enemy
flow
with the words
from the perverse poet's page. . .

the moon is full tonight
and i walk the soldier beat. . .

see that pink shirt peripheral
eyes fill with the terrifying bliss
lick the smooth cheek love

and tear off flesh in teeth
wish i could jerk off hate love rhythm out the stomach
it'd come and go. . .
wanna fuck that rhythm so bad

eyes mad dance ecstasy
speed blood so heavy pumping
i'd explode. . .

but i walk out that door instead

Chris R. Byrne

This column presents the expression of creative work. In order to maintain the column we need submissions! So get out your poetry, your polaroids, your drawings, your prose. Anything creative, we will take it! If you have work that does not fit in to any categories just bring it by. We may even consider interesting essays, however, no credit will be awarded. The simple fact: SUBMIT! to the "pete-box" in the daily office, Shatner B-03, or by e-mail at poetrysteps@hotmail.com.

Thursday November 26

McGill University's La Commedia dell'Arte presents "li Duo Capitani Simili". 7:30 pm in Leacock 132. Free

Friday November 27

McGill Taiwanese Students' Association (M.T.S.A) presents the Tea Exhibition. 3:30 to 6:00 pm in Shatner, rm 107 and 108. Free

McGill's Black Student Network is proud to present *POLYPHONY: Many Voices* an evening of poetry at The Alley, 3480 McTavish. Open Mic at 8 pm, show is from 9 pm to 11 pm. \$3 cover.

Saturday, November 28

Women Build Houses. Marie Gladue is a Dineh-Navajo woman who works with the group Women Build Houses and the Black Mesa Permaculture Project. She will be speaking about her involvement in these projects and the current situation at Big Mountain. The film "The Trouble at Big Mountain" will also be shown. 7 pm at 1395 Rene-Levesque Blvd. O. rm 114. For more info call 848-7443

Montage hosts an evening with leading Montréal and McGill poets and musicians. 8:30 pm at Bistro 4, 4040 St. Laurent.

Ongoing

Hurricane relief party. Firday, Dec 4. The hottest jam of the year! DJ Smokey and Madscientist. At Van Gogh, 2050 Drummond (corner de Maisonneuve). Tickets are \$5 in advance (sold in the SALSA office, rm 416 Shatner and Tues/Thurs in Rutherford) \$7 at the door. All proceeds go to those affected by Hurricanes Mitch and George.

The Project would like to send its warmest thanks to all those who helped to raise funds and awareness towards the hurricane relief efforts in Central America and the Caribbean. Your contributions helped to raise \$1800, to collect two van fulls of food, plus 35 bags of clothes, and to distribute 3,000 newsletters to McGill students.

The McGill Domestic Violence Clinic offers a treatment group for men who abuse their partners or for whom the issue of violence in relationships is of concern to them. The group meets weekly on Tuesday evenings from 6:00-8:00 pm. Services are offered on a sliding

scale fee basis. For more information, contact Laura Johnston or Dong Kim at 398-2686.

The Bi Group meets Wednesdays at 5:30pm in Shatner rm 423. People of all genders are encouraged to attend.

The Women's Group meets Thursdays at 6 pm in Shatner rm. 423. All Queer women are welcome.

The Coming-Out Group meets Fridays at 5:30 pm in Shatner in rm 423. For people of all genders who are just coming out, or who are uncertain about their sexuality.

The Men's group meets Fridays at 7 pm in the basement of UTC (3521 University St., just north of Milton. All queer men are welcome.

Women's Support Group- a facilitated group for women who are or who have been in abusive relationships. Meetings are informal, confidential and free cost. The place is safe and secure. For more information, please contact Heather Holmes at the McGill Domestic Violence Clinic- 398-2686.

Criminal Injustice, a working group of QPIRG, McGill is organizing a series of events for Restorative Justice Week 1998, until the 25th of November. call 398-7432.

The Project invites you to join in the creation of the International Festival for Humanity. The event will take place at McGill and in five other cities around the world in April 1999. We're looking for anyone interested in shakin' the world. Come and join us. For more info call Mauricio or Brad at 844-1610.

The Poumon-9 Line is a bilingual help line for smokers, ex-smokers, their family and friends. Operative Monday to Friday 2 to 9 p.m.

The McGill Eating Disorder Unit offers support groups free of charge to all students aged 18 years or older. For more info or to join call 398-1050.

Outreach to Inmates: Bordeaux jail Protestant Chaplaincy invites McGill students to form a support group for preventative detention inmates. Thursdays 1-4. Call Gwenda Wells, 398-4104.

Canada World Youth is conducting its annual recruitment campaign: deadline is November 20th. Call 931-3933.

EVENTS

Parenttheses is a parent support group providing an opportunity for parents of young children to get together. Call Cyndy Spielberg at 934-0354 ext. 354

McGill Centre for Research and Teaching on Women is looking for a person interested in women's studies to write 3 or 4 press releases per semester. will pay \$8-10 an hour. call Blossom at 398-3911

Calls for Volunteers

The Daily invites all interested parties to come and help out with writing, photos, or layout. Drop by the office at Shatner B-03 or call 398-6784.

Volunteers needed at the NDG Food Depot and NDG Info Depot. call Gina at 483-5346.

Big Brothers and Big Sisters of West Island are looking for mentors, male and female, 18 yrs and up, to commit one hour/week. Make a difference in the life of a child. For info call 684-6100.

The CLSC NDG/Montréal West is looking for volunteers to assist individuals with different needs on a one-to-one basis or to help with office/reception work. For more info call the CLSC Volunteer Coordination office at 485-7811, ext. 1015 or 1020.

Queer Line call for Volunteers. Queer line is seeking dedicated, queer and queer-positive students to be trained as volunteers in our January training session. All those interested should attend a short orientation session on Friday Nov 27th at 5 pm in Shatner rm 435. For more info call Queer Line at 398-6822.

If you love babies or want experience working with infant twins, CLSC René-Cassin needs you. The organization seeks volunteers to work one-on-one with overwhelmed families with recent twins in the West End. Patience, reliability and experience necessary. Call Elizabeth at 488-9163 ext. 351 for more info.

Help stop elder abuse! The Elder Abuse Info-line is seeking bilingual volunteers to help seniors in need and raise aware-

ness around elder abuse and seniors' rights. You will receive appropriate training, develop communication skills and be part of a dynamic volunteer

team. For more info call Heather Hart: 488-9163 ext. 360.

Volunteer to be a Best Buddy! Best Buddies creates friendships between people with developmental disabilities and college students. For more info e-mail bb@ssmu.mcgill.ca

Santropol Roulant is looking for volunteers to deliver meals to those living with a loss of autonomy. With project GO, student involvement is facilitated by bringing meals to the Shatner Building. Those interested call Genevieve at 282-0245.

Contactivity Centre for Seniors, is looking for volunteers and donations. Activities include a telephone check up service, community involvement for elders, social development, health and physical well being programs and home support services. Contact 932-3433 for more info.

The Shalom Line seeks patient and compassionate listeners, over 20 years of age, to volunteer on their confidential, anonymous listening line. To get involved call 735-3541

Mines Action Canada is

sending out a challenge to students and professors to come up with new or improved technologies to detect and remove land mines. Preliminary proposals are due November 30. Contact Mary Foster at (613)-234-6755.

Call for volunteers at Atwater Library and Computing Centre. Three hours a week only. Pick up an application at the circulation desk or call Susan McGuire, 937-3169.

Volunteers wanted for YMWHA Computer Drop-In Centre. Volunteers must be computer literate and enjoy working with teens. Call Abba at 737-6551, ext.230.

Improve your leadership, public speaking and group skills by volunteering at CLSC René-Cassin. CLSC is presently recruiting volunteers to work in an In-home Simulation program. You will be trained and supervised by professional and learn to run activities with seniors, the market of the future. Call 488-9163 local 351 for info.

is your community group having an event? if you want your event listed, drop by the Daily Office, Shatner B-03 or fax us at 398-8318.

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Tales of the Underground Grooves
HIP HOP & POETRY CD LAUNCH
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Isart 263 St. Antoine W. \$7 B4.10 \$10 AFTER
METRO PLACE D'ARMES 876-1604 OR 287-0636
DOORS-8:30 SHOW-9:30

daily classifieds

Ads may be placed through the Daily Business Office, Room B-07, University Centre, 9h00-14h00. Deadline is 14h00, two working days prior to publication. McGill Students & Staff (with valid ID): \$4.75 per day, 3 or more consecutive days, \$4.25 per day. General Public: \$6.00 per day, or \$5.00 per day for 3 or more consecutive days. Extra charges may apply, prices include applicable GST or PST. Full payment should accompany your advertising order and may be made in cash or by personal cheque (for amounts over \$20 only). For more information, please visit our office or call 398-6790. WE CANNOT TAKE CLASSIFIED ADS OVER THE PHONE. PLEASE CHECK YOUR AD CAREFULLY WHEN IT APPEARS IN THE PAPER. The Daily assumes no financial responsibility for errors, or damages due to errors. Ad will re-appear free of charge upon request if information is incorrect due to our error. The Daily reserves the right not to print any classified ad.

H O U S I N G

New Condo Lofts

For rent, 5 mins. from McGill & RVH. 772 to 1300 sq. ft. From \$900/month. Occ. Mid-Nov onwards to July 99. Leon 932-5885 leave message.

For rent: Sunny Apt.

Bedroom, full bathroom & kitchen on second floor within a house in lower westmount. Heat elect included. non-smoker, no pets. Available Dec. 1st. \$350/mo. Marie or Jozet: 288-4251. Home: 484-3159.

St-Laurent & Pine. 3 1/2 loft apartment. Fridge, stove. Semi-furnished available Dec/Jan, heated. Good for students & artists, near McGill. 866-4491.

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And looking for a better place to live? Sunny furnished room in 8 1/2 in Outremont. Close to transportation. Interested in Japanese speakin people for a possible language exchange. 271-2080.

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Wanted to work at Restaurant Pasta e Basta. For deliveries in McGill area. Apply at 896 Sherbrooke W. (McGill College) or call Rola for info (514) 744-0949.

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No experience necessary. Part-time and weekends. Karaoke Bar Tycoon 849-8094.

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E-mail: david.kelly.thrc@sympatico.ca and shirley.mckey.thrc@sympatico.ca
Web site: www3.sympatico.ca/thrc

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CHRISTIAN SLATER

CAMERON DIAZ

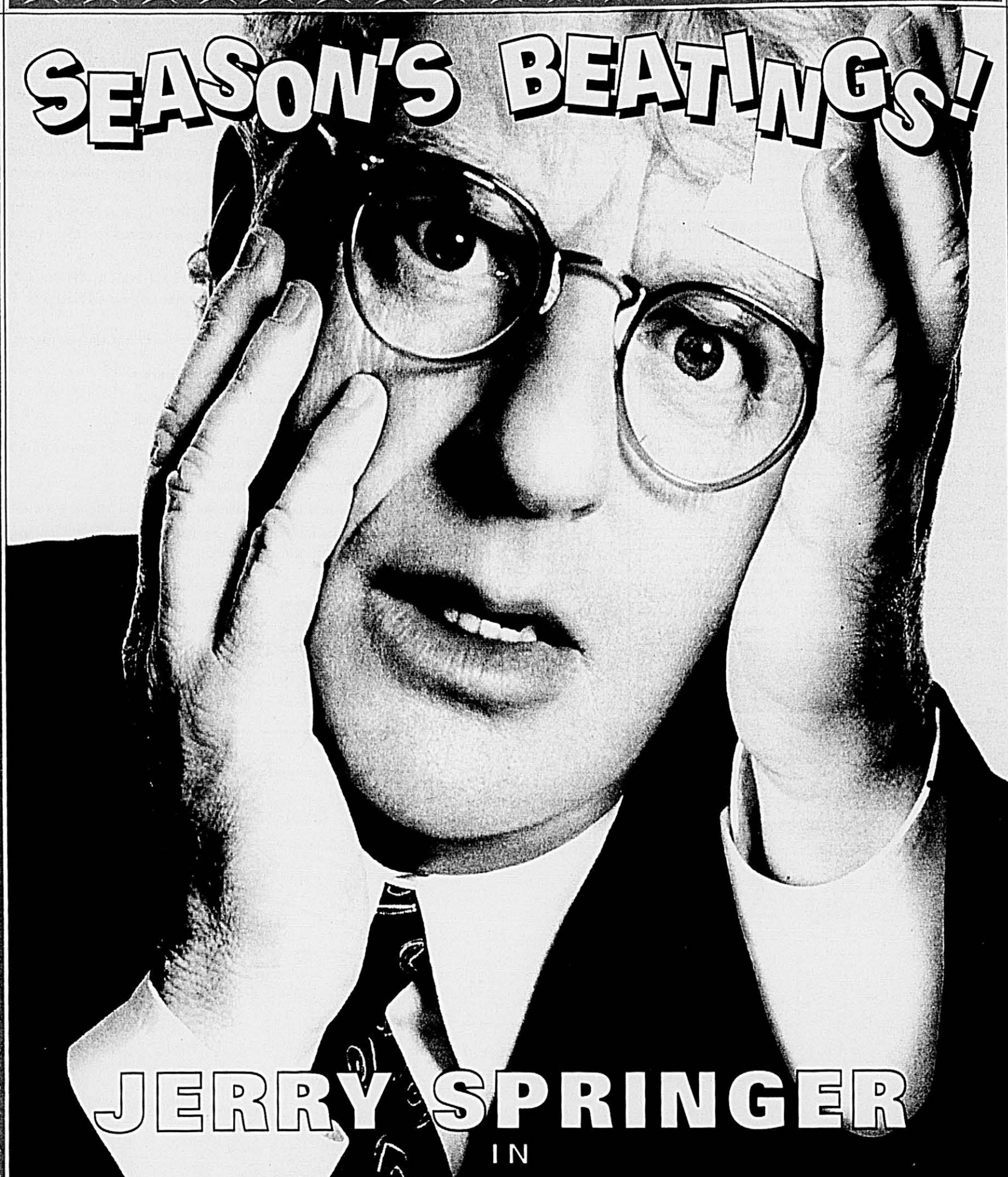
VERY BAD THINGS

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